

O, the Diuell take such coozeners, God forgiue me,
Good vnkle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I haue done yfayth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottissh Prisoners,
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, bee assur'd,
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of *Torke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Brisow* the Lord *Scrope*;
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might bee, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set downe,
And onely staies but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afoore, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Torke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aimed.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by rayning of a head:
For, beare our selues as euen as wee can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke wee thinke our selues vsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. Hee does: hee does; wee be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further goe in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will bee suddenly:
He scale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now wee hold at much vncertainty.

Nor. Farewell, good brother, we shall thrine, I trust.

Hot. Vnkle, adue: O let the houres bee short,
Till Fields, & Blowes, and Groues, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, He be hangd,
Charles-maine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not
packt. What *Ostler*?

Of. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in
the point, poore lade is wrung in the Withers out of all cello.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Pease and Beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and that
is the next way to gine poore lades the Bots: this house is tur-
ned vpside downe since *Robin* Ostler died.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of Oates
rose, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this to bee the most villanous house in all
London road for Fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? by the Masse there is ne're a King
christen could be better bir, then I haue bin since the first cock.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iordaine, and then we
leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber-lie hreedes Fleas
like a Loach.

1. Car. What *Ostler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two rasts of Ginger,
to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

1. Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite star-
ued: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in
thy head? canst not heare, and 'twere not as good a deed as

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drinke.